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ALDOUS HUXLEY

" 'Eyeless in Gaza' can be read on two levels, for entertainment or experience, or for both at once. It is comparable to 'Point Counter Point' in humor, insight, and originality . . . It has everything Mr. Huxley's admirers will expect. But it also has some qualities which they will not expect". . . *(See page 3)*

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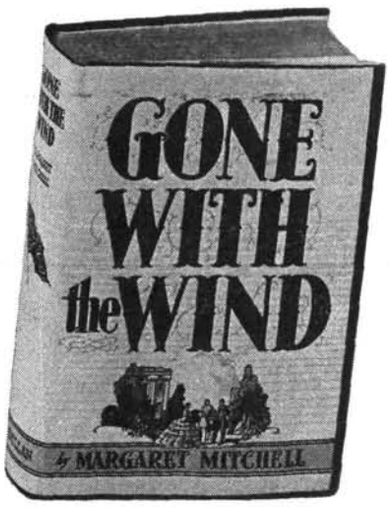
N. Y. Times Book Review



GONE WITH THE WIND

by

Margaret Mitchell

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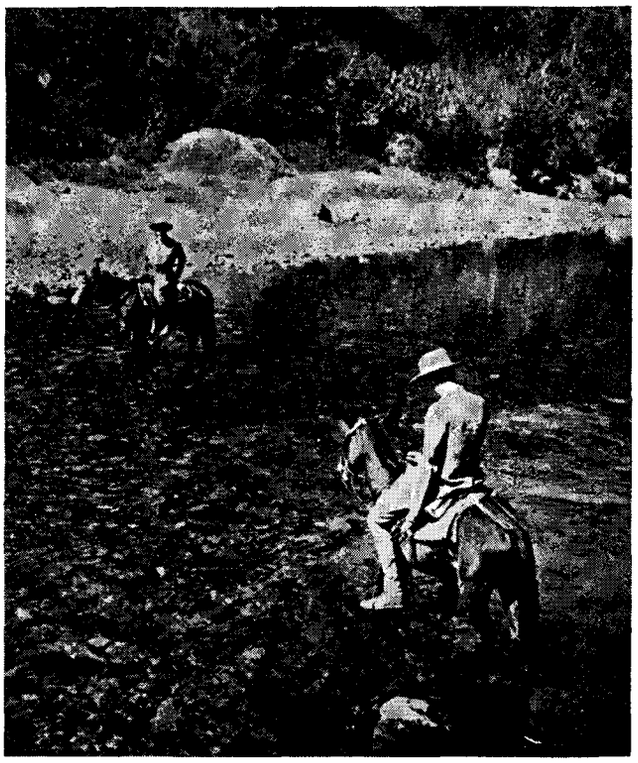
Aldous Huxley's Man of Good Will

BY GEORGE STEVENS

ALDOUS HUXLEY is undoubtedly the most interesting writer of non-fiction among English novelists today. At forty-two, the author of twenty-four published books, he has written only six novels. Besides these there are five books of short stories, leaving thirteen—more than half the total—of essays, poetry, and travel. And in all his longer novels there are frequent disquisitions on general ideas which interrupt, even when they illuminate, the narrative. These passages are often memorable, whether the author is writing about music or science or Pareto or psychoanalysis—or, as in his new novel*, about freedom.



BETWEEN PROGRESO AND MIAHUATLAN
From Aldous Huxley's "Beyond the Mexique Bay"; part of the action of "Eyeless in Gaza" is laid near this scene.

This explains why his narrative abilities have sometimes been underestimated. Those of us who believe that "Point Counter Point" is among, say, the half dozen most distinguished novels of the twenties, have often had to counter the criticism that Huxley's characters are merely the mouthpieces of a succession of arguments; that his drama dissolves into dialectics and his sympathies into satire. He has been given much the same kind of critical treatment —with notable exceptions—that Shaw was receiving thirty years ago. Writers who get the reputation of being long on ideas but short on emotions arouse the uneasy suspicion that they cannot be quite as good as they look. But "Point Counter Point" stands up, after eight years, as the kind of enrichment of experience that first rate fiction can provide; if it was widely read at the time for entertainment, for its richly satiric portraits and scandalous episodes, it is remembered now for its dramatization, through its leading characters, of a large phase of modern intellectual life. It marked Aldous Huxley's transition from a promising novelist to a mature novelist. "Crome Yellow" and "Antic Hay" had represented an attitude; "Point Counter Point" represented a point of view. Mr. Huxley had progressed from sarcasm to satire, from disillusionment to skepticism.

Skepticism is implicit in "Point Counter Point"; if it is a story of intelligent men trying to live intelligently, it is permeated with a distrust of absolutes; the characters in the novel who deluded themselves with absolutes ended by being either tragic or ridiculous. In "Eyeless in Gaza," the point of view is no longer skeptical, nor is the meaning implicit. Mr. Huxley says precisely what he means in so many words, and thus raises once more the question of how much non-fiction a novel can hold. This is not merely a matter of splitting hairs. No one questions Mr. Huxley's privilege, as a novelist of ideas, to write as he pleases: to introduce elaborate technical devices, to let his characters—so long as they are characters—say what he thinks about things in general. Like "Point Counter Point," "Eyeless in Gaza" can be read on two levels, for entertainment or experience, or for both at once. It is comparable to "Point Counter Point" in humor, insight, and originality; it contains superb narrative passages, many of which can be read as independent short stories; it is the product of a first rate intelligence; it is always readable and often exciting, both in its ideas and in its general dramatic eventfulness. In short, it is interesting for every incidental quality. It has everything that Mr. Huxley's admirers will expect. But it also has some qualities which they will not expect.

The theme of "Eyeless in Gaza" is freedom. Does freedom mean merely financial independence and spiritual detachment? Anthony Beavis, the characteristic Huxleyan intellectual who is the chief character of this novel, reaches the age of forty in the conviction that he is a free man because he has money, a professional interest in sociology, and an independence of mind which lifts him above popular fallacies and sentimentalities. He carefully avoids responsibilities; he even carefully prevents himself from falling in love with his mistress. But he finally discovers that all this is merely sham freedom: that genuine freedom consists not in detachment, but in identifying himself with other human beings. Human freedom is the result of human solidarity.

Now the idea of human solidarity is in the air. It is a translation into terms of individuals of the idea of internationalism. It is the same idea precisely as that signified by the phrase, "Men of Good Will," which is the title of Jules Romains's monumental novel. It means that the differences which separate human beings are far smaller, and far less important, than what human beings have in common. And that this must be recognized, and become part of our consciousness, before any of the problems of the modern world can be dealt with.

Since Mr. Huxley expresses this idea

Next Week

NEXT DOOR TO GEORGE MOORE
By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

GREEN LAURELS
By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
Reviewed by William Beebe

* *EYELESS IN GAZA. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $2.50.*

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in the form of fiction, it would be irrelevant to criticize his novel according to whether or not one believed the idea to be valid. The question is whether or not the novel successfully dramatizes the idea. Certainly it is not a propagandist novel; human solidarity is not a partisan issue, it is universally acceptable. We are not concerned (fortunately) with how it is to be brought about, but with its place in Mr. Huxley's story. If the events of the novel and the lives of the characters excite our imaginations with the idea of freedom, the novel is a success. It is not, however, if the thesis does not emerge from the events, but seems merely tacked on as a postscript.

Anthony Beavis is the leading character, and it is he who states the book's motif. Beavis is shown in four stages of his career: as a schoolboy in 1902, at the time of his mother's death; at Oxford in 1914, when an action of his leads to the suicide of his best friend; in London in 1928, when his career is running in a well oiled groove; and finally, from 1933 to 1935, when he comes to the culmination of experience that make him reject his previous life and look for a new one. The story is not told chronologically; episodes from the four stages of his life are woven together, so that an event of 1928 may be followed immediately by one of 1914, a scene from 1902 by one from 1933. This by no means makes difficult reading; on the contrary, it brings out the highlights in Beavis's character by juxtaposing episodes which illustrate particular characteristics. At the same time, it serves to increase the suspense, because the chief event in the story, the suicide, which chronologically comes early, is not completely related until the end. It is, however, referred to from the beginning; to mention it here is not to give away the plot.

Anthony is always an observer, never a participant. His first adventure into action frightened him. In 1914 his best friend, Brian Foxe, was engaged to be married, but too much mother and too much idealism prevented Brian from making love to his fiancée. Anthony, on a bet, took the girl out to dinner, kissed her, found to his confusion that she took him seriously. But he rationalized away his responsibility both for this and for Brian's subsequent suicide. Fourteen years later his comfortable detachment prevented him from falling in love with his mistress, Helen Amberley. It is when Helen leaves him, in 1933, that he begins to see the disadvantages of his pseudo-Olympian attitude. A year later his detachment finally breaks down altogether when he makes a trip to Mexico with another old friend, Mark Staithes. Staithes is Anthony's antithesis — he goes to Mexico to help out an old friend, with the motive of action for action's sake. An accident to Mark, related in the most extraordinary and compelling of the novel's many excellent passages, contributes the final impulse to Anthony's enlightenment: no longer "eyeless," he returns to London with his new conception of life, and is prepared to love his neighbors even if he gets mobbed for it.

This synopsis is necessary to any criticism of "Eyeless in Gaza," but it does not, of course, begin to convey the richness of the story. There are many excellent characters, some of them brought to life with sympathy, some of them satirically observed under glass, all of them precisely delineated. Brian Foxe, the idealist, never becomes the neurotic another novelist might have made of him; his relationships with Anthony, with his mother, with his fiancée, come out in a succession of moving and compassionate passages. Helen Amberley first appears in an early chapter which, as an amusing episode of a spoiled brat, could stand by itself and win any of the short story prizes of the year; she develops into a brittle and superficial young woman with more experience than her intelligence can cope with; and she finally catches up with her experience in another superb short story, this time a tragic one, in which she sees her German lover kidnapped by the Nazis. The magnificent episode of Mark Staithes has already been mentioned. Except for the chief character and his development—which is the central part of the book—"Eyeless in Gaza" would be a consistent, vigorous, and veracious observation of modern individuals at the mercy of catastrophe.

ALDOUS HUXLEY
Bust by Jo Davidson.

But Anthony Beavis is something else. He is not at the mercy of catastrophe; it is he who creates or observes the melodrama of others. And it is he who tries to discover the solution for the individual victim of the contemporary world. Anthony is presented as a sensitive and civilized person, with some of the weakness that is supposed to be the defect of those qualities. But there is a considerable difference between the character Aldous Huxley evidently intended to create, and the character of Anthony Beavis as the reader sees him. It would have taken more than weakness, it would have taken most extraordinary obtuseness and lack of imagination, for him to carry through the Brian Foxe episode. The whole difficulty is that Beavis's intellectual life is the subject of the novel, and Beavis is not very intelligent. His character is that of a man who has been favored by circumstance, who has never had to battle for his education or his point of view, who accepts intellectual fashions—the best ones, to be sure—but never is obliged to think out anything for himself. His final conversion to the idea of human solidarity is reminiscent only of a Princeton senior's conversion to Buchmanism. The technique is the same: Anthony has, in the language of the Buchmanites, "faced up to" his previous shortcomings.

So the final chapter, which develops the idea of freedom, comes out not as a spiritual experience of Anthony's Beavis's, but as a metaphysical essay of Aldous Huxley's. And that is why—with the best will in the world, as an enthusiastic admirer of the author—one reads this essay with more detachment and bewilderment than conviction. It is deeply sincere and beautifully written:

> Evil is the accentuation of division; good, whatever makes for unity with other lives and other beings. . . . Separation, diversity—conditions of our existence. Conditions upon which we possess life and consciousness, know right and wrong and have the power to choose between them, recognize truth, have experience of beauty. But separation is evil. Evil, then, is the condition of life, the condition of being aware, of knowing what is good and beautiful.

But the reader stays on the outside looking in. The essay follows, intellectually, from the story; but it is not organic to the story, because the reader has not sufficiently shared the preceding emotions of the leading character. Since a musical analogy is appropriate to this "contrapuntal" novelist, it may be said that Aldous Huxley has translated Schiller's "Ode to Joy" into modern metaphysics but without the transfiguration which Beethoven gave to it in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony.

In any event, it is a surprise to see Aldous Huxley embracing the millions. Admirers of "Point Counter Point" may well continue to prefer him as a skeptic. His skepticism was a valuable quality; it cast a clear light over the "color of his times" (in Rebecca West's phrase): he made it emerge as a positive literary force, he made it carry a conviction that is lacking in "Eyeless in Gaza." What lies behind this development Mr. Huxley alone could say; the relevant fact here is that he has found fiction an inadequate medium to express his new point of view.

Since the war, there has been a procession of British novelists who seem, for one reason or another, to have found the novel an insufficient medium for what they had to say. H. G. Wells was the first of the major novelists to abandon the

(*Continued on page* 12)

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Whose Welfare?

WHOSE CONSTITUTION. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

"AN Inquiry Into The General Welfare" is the sub-title chosen by Secretary Wallace for his latest contribution to the cause of American political thinking. The sub-title is necessary for descriptive purposes. "Whose Constitution" has no question-mark, and the study, if a curiously rambling and discursive volume may be so entitled, leaves the reader with the impression that no question on the subject exists in the mind of the Secretary of Agriculture. He feels very decidedly that it is "the people as a whole," at any specific moment of our history, who "own" the Constitution.

One need not be a conservative to resent this very sweeping assumption. There is a decided value in tradition, in the field of politics as in any other form of human endeavor. And the assumption that the national heritage may be spent and the national future mortgaged, entirely according to the will of the moment, is one which cannot be admitted without profound reservations. Each generation stands in a dual relation towards the national destiny. It is a trustee of that which has been handed down as well as a custodian of that which will be handed on. Mr. Wallace forgets that "the people as a whole" include those now under the sod and those still unborn.

This impatience with all which is not of obviously immediate importance runs like a theme song through Mr. Wallace's book. The doctrine of States' rights, for instance, he blandly assumes to have been "a barrier to progress even in 1787" while "today it is clear that States' rights are being invoked not for the rights which they defend, but for the privileges they protect." Elsewhere he concludes that "the potency of States' rights as a political red herring has long since passed, but its potency as a legal red herring is still great."

In this, as in many other matters, the Secretary of Agriculture shows himself a pure dogmatist. With a crusading spirit, and with a mind both impatient of opposition and intolerant of the philosophic viewpoint, he tends to regard as meretricious or downright dishonest all idealism which he does not himself share. The sense of spiritual identity with a locality, or the abiding love of local institutions felt by Easterners from Maine to Georgia, is completely alien to Mr. Wallace's thought. In the restless spirit of the pioneer, he proposes to move on to "fresh woods and pastures new." Because he feels such moving to be good in itself, he is absolutely certain that this is what the people want. One can understand more clearly the activity behind the Resettlement Administration of the Department of Agriculture, after reading this book.

As a convincing presentation of the historical case for loose constitutional interpretation, "Whose Constitution" is highly unsatisfactory. While the book is indexed it is very poorly documented. And a number of instances give proof that Mr. Wallace's mind is not inhibited by scholarly considerations.

On page 195, the Secretary of Agriculture makes the positive assertion that in the Constitutional Convention: "The contest was not between large and small States for States' rights as opposed to a national government, but a contest between large and small States for control of the new government which both groups wished to be national and strong."

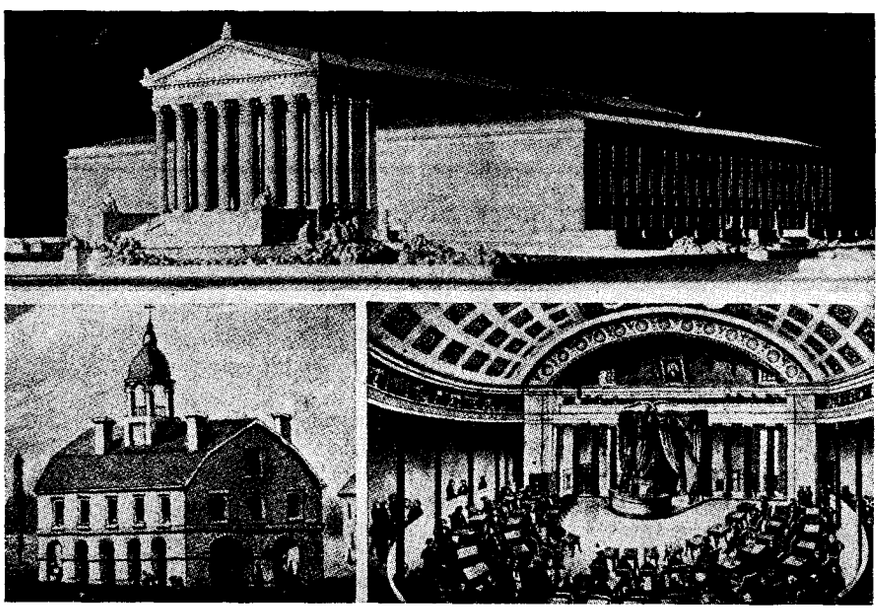
Mr. Wallace himself is aware that this interpretation is rather large to swallow at a bite. So he appends a footnote saying: "I realize that this is not the conventional view. Those who wish to examine the supporting evidence for it will find it in the book soon to be published by Mr. Irving Brant."

I have not myself yet read Mr. Brant's "Storm Over The Constitution," which I believe is being published simultaneously with the Wallace book. But whether Mr. Brant handles the abundant evidence well or ill is really immaterial. The point is that Secretary Wallace is completely willing to take whatever supports his case as a basis for the sweeping assumptions on which he rears his entire thesis.

It is difficult to determine how much this propagandist approach is characteristic of the Secretary, and how much it has been forced upon him by his tremendous canvas.

"Whose Constitution" is an exceedingly diffuse book, a consciousness of which in the mind of the author is indicated by its division into four distinct parts. The first of these, "Forces Of Change," is a hasty review, spotted with statistics, of American economic history from Colonial to post-war days. This is followed by a section on "The General Welfare Today," which examines that famous clause in the preamble to the Constitution with reference to various major contemporary problems. In Part 3, entitled "We The People," there are three chapters devoted to a highly selective survey of the Constitutional Convention and the subsequent interpretation of that document by the Supreme Court. For the closing section, which sums up the political philosophy of the Secretary of Agriculture, he has chosen the title "Democracy In Action," culminating in a somewhat mystical but well-handled analysis of what he conceives to be the American way of life.

The book, of course, owes the major part of its importance to the fact that it represents the thought of a leading member of the present Cabinet. And it is easy for the careful reader to find in these pages ample evidence of the very profound influence which Secretary Wallace has on President Roosevelt, and on the general formulation of New Deal policies. It also shows, what everyone in Washington knows, that Mr. Wallace stands rather to the Right of the President and would greatly prefer to work out current problems coöperatively rather than by any revolutionary technique. It is also interesting that "Whose Consti-



THE SUPREME COURT: *Top, the new building, opposite the Capitol; lower left, Old City Hall, Philadelphia, where the court held its first session in* 1790; *lower right, the old Senate Chamber, where the court began to hold sessions in* 1859. *From James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners).*

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tution" should be published immediately after the President's acceptance speech, which contained such forthright denunciation of the "new despotism" created by "the privileged princes of new economic dynasties." As Mr. Wallace says: "It has become the fashion to approach this question of corporations and the general welfare by dwelling on the abuses of corporate power, after the age-old custom of seeking for personal devils. . . . This approach is gratifying to the sense of moral indignation, but for my own part I think it will get us nowhere." This is one point of disagreement between the President and his Secretary of Agriculture.

Secretary Wallace, furthermore, does not share the belief, so sedulously promoted at Philadelphia, that Republican iniquities were solely responsible for the depression. But he does believe that a narrow legalistic interpretation of the Constitution is greatly hampering present political leadership in bringing the country back to real stability.

For this viewpoint there will be much sympathy, and there is no doubt that Mr. Wallace outlines his picture skilfully even where his supply of paint is pretty thin. But there are two fundamental shortcomings in his handling. In the first place, while the Secretary of Agriculture shows why serious and sweeping national readjustments are inevitable, partly because of our own past stupidities, he nevertheless refuses to accept the results of his own reasoning. This implies that not even the broadest interpretation of the general welfare clause will prevent a very perceptible lowering of the American standard of living, which may be postponed, but cannot be averted, by the present method of incurring huge governmental deficits. A burning patriotism, coupled with a determined non-conformist religious outlook, combine to prevent Mr. Wallace from admitting that the great days for America may be over, even if every Supreme Court Justice from now on forgets his law sufficiently to set a clause in the preamble to the Constitution above every specified provision in the document itself.

This unwillingness to face the facts is the more striking because in many parts of his book Mr. Wallace considers the future with great clarity and courage. He is particularly interesting in his examination of the importance of population shifts and their probable consequences. He is excellent, even though a voice crying in the wilderness, in his analysis of the importance of foreign trade. He is always earnestly seeking a national policy worthy of the name. But certain missionary qualities in his thought seem to make him conclude that regardless of the stupidities of Demos an emphasis on the general welfare clause will of itself solve all our problems.

This reviewer holds no brief for a reactionary or rigid interpretation of the Constitution. But there are certain dangers in undermining or seriously weakening the safeguards of that document which the Secretary of Agriculture completely fails to envisage. That failure constitutes the second basic deficiency in his argument. Whatever the ill effects of the growing corporate structure of industry, and whatever the obstacles to enlightened reform which the Constitution, narrowly interpreted, creates, the fact remains that it is a reliable bulwark against the establishments of any centralized political despotism. Secretary Wallace gives the impression that if this bulwark were swept away some instinctive fidelity of the American people to liberal institutions would of itself preserve a liberal and democratic government. He gives no consideration to the probability that a baffled President possessing autocratic powers, but unable to make everyone prosperous in spite of his desire to do so, might slip into dictatorial practices as decisively as have the governments of Italy and Germany.

Felix Morley, editor of the Washington Post, *was co-winner last spring of the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing.*

The Happy Isles

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

THEY say that love, too, has its Fortunate Islands,
Not fabled, not fit for the dead;
But likely out of westering waters lifting
Their drenched-with-sunset head;
Or pale, it may be, as the star of morning,
Or meagre, even, as islands in a lake
That you may see a tethered row-boat nuzzle.
But what airs, oh, of enchantment overtake
Those who set foot upon the incredible beaches!
What winds, what wings, hover, and at their feet
What flowers, or shells, to gather, and on their lips
Blow salty gusts, then sweet.
Some, they say, do know those Fortunate Islands.
Is it only the young? Who on a day must turn
To this harsh country we inhabit,
And cannot leave, or spurn.

ANTHONY THORNE

Balkan Peasant Life in Two New Novels

BALKAN MONASTERY. By Stephen Graham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1936. $2.50.

DOWN COME THE TREES. By Anthony Thorne. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SHAPLI

ACCESSIBLE only by tracks through the Serbian forest, the white-walled mountain monastery of St. Roman is the scene of what the author chooses to call a novel, but which is more truly an account in dramatic form of the Great War in Serbia, viewed from one focal point, and its disintegrating effect upon the almost medieval peasant order which still obtained in that country. The shallow plot which threads through the book gives the author a pretext for describing what he knows of Balkan customs and folk-lore but is hardly sufficient for the weight that it carries.

To the sixteenth century ruins of St. Roman, the peasants were wont to bring for cure those among them who were possessed of devils and evil spirits. This gruesome place, presided over by three aged monks, was assigned by the authorities as a refuge for eighty children, motherless little girls, when their own hostel in Belgrade had to be abandoned just before the bombardment in 1914. The most vividly pictured among them is Desa Georgevitch, a Bosnian girl with a brother on each side of the fighting lines. Desa's war experiences, her gradual starvation at the monastery followed by a period of alternate indulgence and abuse as the adopted daughter of a temperamental Bulgarian woman, end with her restoration to a devoted father and brother at the close of the book. Madame Mateivitch, the Bulgarian step-mother,

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who dies for her pig, provides the liveliest writing in the book and the most expressive picture of at least one side of Balkan character.

The Serbians fought their traditional enemies the Bulgars, but not in the old Balkan way; both were held in leash by their respective masters. They fought with dogged courage, but the War lacked reality for them. Meanwhile, stoical but bewildered peasants were torn, never to return, from their age-old roots.

"Down Come the Trees" deals with a later stage in the evolution of the Balkan peasant, namely his response to the first sudden impact of the modern mechanical age, brought into southern Europe by post-war expansion. The hero of this earnest and readable novel, an unnamed Albanian, grew up in his uncle's tavern where he heard the villagers talk of the Great War and rumors of marvelous inventions. "I'd no idea of progress or benefits to humanity," he explains himself. "I fell in love with things like telephones and aviation and radio merely because I was the son of a peasant and these were like all the mechanical toys I'd never had."

By selling the tavern which he inherited, he had managed to go to Italy for scientific studies and eventually to invent a new and potent explosive. Returning to Albania, he is outraged at the substitution of a modern skyscraper city, Kravnik, for his native forests. This shock added to his own physical suffering as a result of an industrial accident produces in him such a violent reaction against all that is modern, that he sets out to destroy Kravnik, building by building, with his secret explosive. His revolt is atavistic rather than political, the stab of the peasant dagger in blind vengeance.

"Down Come the Trees," while distinctly thematic, is a good story; it has a brisk movement, some clever sketches of Levantine life, and a certain amount of implicit poetry. Realistic readers, to be sure, may find themselves wondering whether true peasants actually do poetize about their trees or consciously value their idyllic state of simplicity. To these it may be pointed out that the author's conception of peasant includes not merely the stolid acre-bound tiller of the soil but also the hot-blooded mountain herdsman more prevalent in Albania, who turns marauder, smuggler, bandit, or hero at the slightest opportunity, and who has vitalized the lowlands with new blood throughout history, as did the Highlander in Scotland and England, the Kurd in Persia, the Circassian in southern Russia. Kemal, the president of Turkey, and Fuad, the late king of Egypt, are said to be partly of Albanian extraction; in fact, scratch almost any man of action in the Near East and you will find some highland blood.

Frances Shapli, an American woman, is the wife of a prominent soldier and statesman of the Near East.

Some Hammock Reading

PANIC AMONG PURITANS. By James Laver. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

A HORSE IN ARIZONA. By Louis Paul. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

PEOPLE ARE FASCINATING. By Sally Benson. New York: Covici, Friede. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF these three books, Sally Benson's is the only one that made me fall out of the hypothetical hammock. I also read bits of it aloud to some younger people gathered on a verandah and they too seemed to enjoy it. "Half-Day" and "Ghost" made me mildly hysterical. This is a book of those short pieces that have mostly brightened the pages of *The New Yorker*. The rest of them have appeared in *The American Mercury*. I am taking the last book on my list first, because I think it by far the best of the lot. I don't find, as her publishers aver, that Mrs. Benson is a cynic. In fact, she has an extraordinary sympathy for human beings. This usually involves seeing right through them and being unable to restrain oneself from exposing their weaknesses. Hilarity lurks in her collection of observations, but she can also present the minor tragedies of life with a sure touch. Being the same age as Dr. Hopkins in "Fifty Years Young," his minor tragedy with the children pierced me. I also possess a room on a court, so I can vouch for the verisimilitude of the fat man Mr. Roth overheard wanting to tell the others something. But the principal victims of this book are women, "The Girl Who Went Everywhere," "Wife of the Hero," Mrs. Meredith of "A Lighter Touch," Myra Harding of "Mental Cruelty," Alice Rollins of "A Man's Woman," several perfect hostesses, the lady described by the witness and the witness, the woman who was nuts in 1226, and so on. Two of the best stories are "The Fur Piece" and "More Like Sweethearts." The people of this book are all around you in New York, light-hearted or heavy-hearted, old or young. More, please, Mrs. Benson!

SALLY BENSON

The gods of Olympus come to England and James Laver is not Thorne Smith, are two remarks that occur to me concerning "Panic Among Puritans." If you're expecting something sprightly from it you'll be disappointed. I found it fairly tedious, this "gay and risqué book," as the jacket describes it. Mr. Laver, I am sure, can do better than this. He writes in a literate fashion, naturally, but the hand is the hand of Esau. He is careful to bring in the best legends, of Leda, of Europa, of Danaë. Even that doesn't help much. His people are too uninteresting.

About Louis Paul I get more indignant. Since he won the O. Henry Memorial Award, he has been touted by many minds, from T. S. Matthews to William Lyon Phelps. You may find Resin Scaeterbun of "A Horse in Arizona" excruciatingly funny—oh yes, the new Panurge, and all that! I found him a muddle - headed swine. Mr. Paul just about a thousand times has people mispronounce Mr. Scaeterbun's name, and each time, I gather, expects a big hand on it. I sat on mine. There are funnier things than that in the book, there are a few episodes, chiefly when Scaeterbun is in the army, that raise a smile—the time of the declaration of the Armistice, for instance. But I found the book coarse without being nearly funny enough. I am pretty sure it was written with Mr. Paul's left hand. If that is what *Esquire* has done to him, it is a darn shame. I didn't even think the dialogue sounded very real a lot of the time. Well, he's had his fun. I assure you I opened the book prepared to find it one of the most brilliant satires of modern times. Far from it. Again, though no elaborate admirer of the late Thorne Smith, I lament him. He was often coarse, as well as being cuckoo, in his writing, but somehow he usually took the curse off it and tossed human nature through paper hoops with a cynicism that was entertaining. One thing I will say for Mr. Paul, he knows how to write fairly readably. I shall hunt up "The Pumpkin Coach" and try really to do him justice.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Critic and Writer

RECENTLY an unusually searching and intimate study of the strengths and weaknesses of a writer of distinction was published in this magazine. The critic's discussion went beyond the author's subject matter to his methods of work and his mental attitudes. He presented a diagnosis of the behavior of the artist's imagination intended to explain what he regarded as the shortcomings of great ability, perhaps genius. His review aroused among readers both praise and violent dissent. A well known psychiatrist remarked of it: This is what any good psychiatrist would have said of the mental traits shown by the writer, traits which seemed to make it difficult for him to master his very great talent; but no psychiatrist would have given advice so negative, so destructive. It would do the patient more harm than good."

This raises an interesting question about criticism. Is the critic and reviewer a kind of literary doctor whose job is to cure his patient? That is what most authors think, and usually expect a tonic to be used in curing them. But the answer is certainly not so simple as this, and indeed the idea that the critic's chief duty is first-aid to writers accounts for some very foolish ideas as to what a reviewer is or does.

Put yourself at a desk with a book—any book—to be reviewed, and ask what is to be done about it. Assume a sympathetic understanding of the book. Assume a sufficient background of reading to be able to place it in its area of human endeavor, which means to tell quickly and accurately what kind of a book it is. Assume the critical sense, which after all is nothing but the power to discover what the author is trying to accomplish, and the ability to value his achievement. Assume the competence to criticize: what then is the duty of criticism?

Is the critic's first duty to the author, or to the potential readers of the book? Should he review a book in order to help the writer (if he can) to write a better one, or to urge him to stop writing before it is too late to turn to some more suitable occupation? Or should his review be designed either to help the readers to appreciate the book, or to save them from wasting time over it?

Is the critic's first duty to the writer, or to society? This states the question succinctly, and it can be concisely answered. Reviewers must write for the public. If they can give good advice to an author (and in spite of the classic scorn of writers for critics they often can and have) they should do so. But their first duty is to society. The critic is not an ordinary doctor. He belongs to the public health division of a mental clinic. He will always cure patients, if he is able, and they are curable. But his first job is to protect the public against the disease of bad writing, and to lay down principles as to what is the best conduct of a reading life.

A good deal of very dull reviewing consists of a monologue in which the critic addresses the author and tells him what he ought to do about it. Some of this is impertinent, some of it is arrogant, some of it is helpful; but even in the best instances the letter is written to the wrong address. The cause of good literature is best served when books are reviewed for the reader.

A writer either writes to please himself or to please or instruct his public. If he writes for himself alone no law makes him publish. If he writes for the public he must serve his public or be criticized for not doing so. It is the critic's job to help him when he deserves it, and to hinder him when he does not. The overproduction of unnecessary books did not end with the depression, and nothing can keep the unnecessary writer from writing needless books except criticism and (though this discourages the publisher but not the author) failure to sell. And it is very definitely the critic's duty to save the public's money by a ruthless castigation of poor books.

The reviewer ought to regard himself as a liaison officer. On the one hand is a public that reads probably too much, and certainly too indiscriminately of anything that is dressed up in attractive words. On the other hand are uncounted numbers of men, women, and even children that want to write—novels, detective stories, poems, plays, biographies, everything. The reviewer stands between. If he is worth his salt he picks the winners—which does not mean necessarily the money-makers. The good horses usually lose their first race for success. And he should be able to tell a hack from a thoroughbred. Indeed this, as books go nowadays and indeed in any days, is the most important part of equipment. Good books get lost among the mediocre. It is the critic's business to give them a chance. But his chief job is to tell the public where to place their money;—to protect them from trash and to help them to good reading.

Vitamins Bookish people are always ready to borrow every new scientific discovery for their own purposes, but the possibilities in vitamins they seem to have missed. Yet here is the best argument by analogy for publishers that could be imagined. Feed a rat on a minus Vitamin diet, and you get definite (and unpleasant) physical and even mental results. Pump Vitamin Y into him and he responds with a different reaction to life. Furthermore, with rats and men alike, it is possible to tell by looking them over whether their diet has been deficient in needed ingredients. But we all know that this is equally true of reading. An exclusive pasturage on escape literature produces a kind of imagination only too familiar. Omit the literary Vitamin called philosophy and one gets the compartmented mind. Omit history and no sense of perspective develops. Give a diet without fiction or drama and note the too serious mind unable to lift experience from its moral or commercial implications. Abstract science and you get superstition—if not of one kind then of another. Most evidential of all is a conditioning by success and uplift books with an occasional appeal to prejudice. Without the Vitamin called satire, such a diet favors the kind of mind that believes anything it wants to believe. These facts are so true that it is surprising they have not been used in advertising books. Or can books be sold only by the argument that other people are reading them?

Ten Years Ago

Henry Seidel Canby devoted his editorial in *The Saturday Review* of July 10th, 1926, to a discussion of a new order of Americana then coming into popularity, observing that "*the trek of a family across the Plains*" was beginning to have "*the significance of the fall of a Bastille or a revolution. . . . An immediate cause*" being "*the discovery that the Americanization of America in the nineteenth century was one of the most remarkable episodes in world history.*" Among the books of this new *genre*, Mr. Canby listed: Don Seitz's "The Dreadful Decade," Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade," Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," Cameron Rogers' "The Magnificent Idler," "The Education of Henry Adams," M. R. Werner's "Life of Barnum," Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," Esther Forbes's "O Genteel Lady!", Walter Noble Burns's "The Saga of Billy the Kid," Meade Minnigerode's "The Fabulous Forties," and the trilogy of novels of the late Herbert Quick.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Trusting in Brains"*

Distrusting in Brains

SIR:—I have read with great interest Mr. Canby's leading article in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for June 13, on "Trusting in Brains." Perhaps a more apt title would be "Distrusting in Brains." It is to me an unsatisfactory analysis because it emphasizes too much the qualities of the Distrusters and too little the deficiencies of the Brains. It is true that as an average product of the liberal college, whatever that may mean, when I ask myself the question "Do I distrust Brains?" the answer is "Yes, I do, but what else is there to depend upon"?

I distrust Brains not because of something positive which Brains possesses but because of a deficiency. In the analysis of a given situation, Brains generally fails to recognize some important reality which enters into the welter of circumstance which lies before him. I distrust the economist, for example, because "there ain't no sech animal" as the economic man which he presupposes. He fails to recognize some quality or qualities of human nature with which, in practice, a reckoning must be made.

It is true that you have referred to this matter in your characterization by the undergraduate of the professors as "voices speaking in a fog, unpractical men." But I wish you might at some time extend your discussion by setting forth at greater length the specific deficiencies of Brains. What you say is fine but not enough. I think more is needed to be just to the facts of the situation.

STEPHEN RUSHMORE.

Boston, Mass.

From John Haynes Holmes

SIR:—Feeling distinctly "fed-up" with most of the magazines I have been reading regularly for years, and resolving to make drastic changes in my reading in this field this coming year, I am none the less glad to re-subscribe for *The Saturday Review*, which is unfailingly original, creative, and inspiring. I am not tired of your pages a bit!

I am tempted now and then to question your choice of books for review. I see no reason why you should handle so many political and economic books which, however interesting and timely, have no imaginable claim to being *"literature,"* and are abundantly reviewed elsewhere. Why not keep rigorously to your own appointed field? But—I suppose an editor has the same right to choose his topics that a minister has to choose his texts. So—thanks, and good luck!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Kennebunk Beach, Maine.

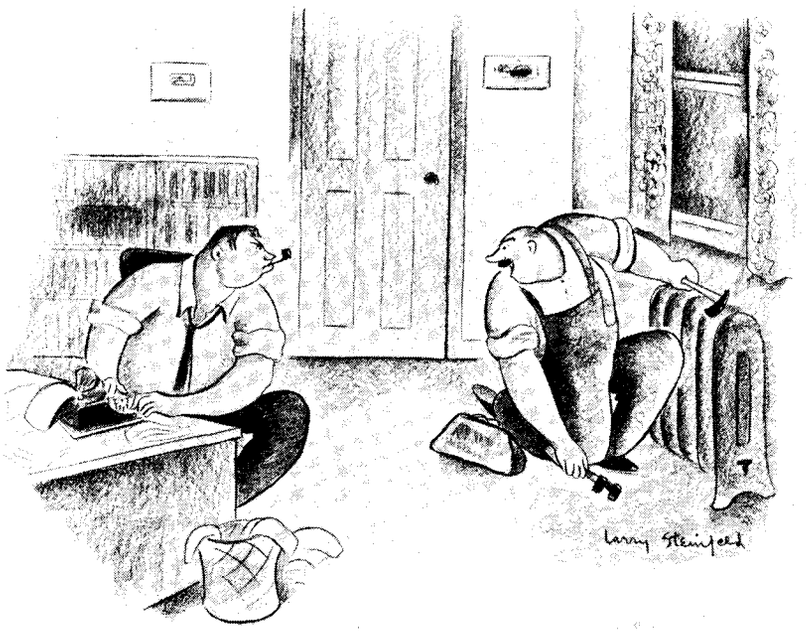
Censorship

SIR:—Let Harold S. Davis ponder this: If the majority of the people want censorship (which I doubt) they need only refrain from reading what they dislike. I think it is a well known principle of democracy—or rather it is THE principle of democracy—that the government permit and protect the expressions and convictions of minorities with which it does not agree. This is definitely a matter in which the majority does not have the right to rule, and for the very reason Mr. Davis mentions: education. How, may I inquire, are those who sometimes believe great writing salacious ever to learn better if they are forbidden the opportunity to read what has been condemned?

I still doubt that reading even the most obscene book ever did anyone any harm. However, since public opinion in some quarters forces the appointment of boards of censorship, it should be the responsibility of intelligent and literary folk to see to it that those boards, in their decisions, do NOT "fairly represent the different elements in the community"—in other words public opinion—in their decisions, but base them upon standards and intelligence considerably more free, cultured, and sophisticated—else how can the public's standard of selection grow better?

J. W. MASON.

New York City.



"I GOT A PRIZE FROM *TRUE STORY* ONCE, MYSELF."

Authors' Purity League

SIR: We have a censorship upon Communist Literature by the Capitalist Press, and a censorship upon everything by the Communist Press; we have had a vigorous censorship upon sex for years; no one, it appears, has ever thought to apply a censorship upon Murder, Theft, and miscellaneous Violence, which this organization, in common with the Author of the Ten Commandments, considers at least as immoral as the other things upon which there is a censorship.

To this end, granting that sex novels, plays, and motion pictures superinduce lamentable manifestations of the libido, this League, and its staff of expert psychiatrists, feels that in like psychological measure novels, plays, and motion pictures advertising Murder, Theft, and Violence superinduce sadism in those exposed.

This censorship organization is a non-profit one; none of its officers will receive pay, they will devote their time gratis to the cause and will not accept contributions of any sort; or endure contact with those who usually support reform organizations.

In view of these facts the Authors' Purity League feels that it is your bounden Christian duty to give it whatever moral support you can.

JACK WOODFORD.

Hollywood, Cal.

Armchair Baedeker for Readers

SIR: May I tell you of a private society I belong to? It has one other member—Al Chase, Real Estate Editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. The name of the society is "Society for Inducing Authors and Publishers of Travel Yarns to Include Maps in Their Books." One of the first pieces of promotional work was to jump on Jimmie Hall for not including a map in "Hurricane." To which Hall replied: "Why put in a map of an island that got washed away!" . . . much like the Irishman who dashed out with an unloaded gun to shoot at some passing water fowl, scorning advice to load his gun by asking: "And give thim time to fly away?"

The Society is considering an "Armchair Baedeker"—or something—comprised wholly of maps which would be companion pieces to some of the world's best, including Shakespeare's England, Dickens's England, Holmes's London, and specific travels and adventures from Hakluyt to Freuchen. Sounds juicy, but I'll bet it would be a lot of work.

LARRY TRIGGS.

Chicago, Ill.

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The Prophetic Trotsky

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL AFTER LENIN. By Leon Trotsky. New York: Pioneer Publishers. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

THIS book by the stormy petrel of the Russian Revolution, now a man without a country, can be approached on two planes—the plane of politics and the plane of poetry. On the political plane it is noteworthy because it describes the fate of a system of ideas; on the poetic plane it exhibits a heroic temper and integrity which cannot fail to impress even those who remain unconvinced. Hounded from country to country, grotesquely maligned in the republic whose revolution he organized, a spectator impotent to arrest the retreat of the international working class to civil peace and social patriotism, little seems left to Trotsky except the consolation of Cassandra. But this is no ordinary consolation. For he can claim to have predicted the course of European history during the last ten years with an accuracy that should give all social scientists pause.

LEON TROTSKY
Woodcut by Zadig

One need not be a partisan in the struggle of factions to realize that the destiny of Europe and Asia is intertwined in the issues which rent the homogeneous Russian Bolshevik Party and the Third International. Those issues concerned the fundamental question of what policy the Russian state should adopt to the rest of the world. To intelligent followers of world-affairs interested in understanding the causes, accompaniments, and upshot of the momentous schism in the ranks of Marxism, Trotsky's volume is indispensable. All the more so because the radical press throughout the world is almost entirely in the hands of his enemies.

It is not merely an amenity of "bourgeois" scholarship but an irrefragable canon of scientific method that sober judgment in historical matters must be based upon familiarity with the original documents of both sides to a dispute. The early Christian Fathers are not the best sources for the thought of the pagan philosophers whom they opposed; and recent Russian historiography, faithfully reflected in the official communist press of the world, illustrates that where Trotsky is concerned infamous invention, lurid fable, and downright forgery are considered legitimate methods of discussion. No wonder that men like Duranty and Gunther in an attempt to get beyond the elaborate tissue of falsification spun by a *gleichgeschalte* press have resorted to journalistic fliers to make sense of the struggle between Stalin and Trotsky. According to one, Trotsky fell from the lap of the gods because he failed to attend Lenin's funeral; according to the other, Stalin triumphed because he was Russia's Charlie Murphy and improved upon the technique of Tammany Hall by adding to it a dash of high-Marxism.

Trotsky's presentation of his criticism of the draft program of the Third International should render all these recondite interpretations unnecessary or give them, at most, the status of marginal addenda. For he shows conclusively that Russia was confronted after the death of Lenin by a clear-cut choice between carrying out the program of international revolution in behalf of which power had originally been taken in Russia and the Third International founded, or dedicating herself to the task of building a socialist society in one country. Trotsky placed his stake upon the first course of action and lost. But before he disappeared from the Russian scene, he predicted what the consequences of Stalin's victory would be.

His argument, simply summarized, runs as follows: To build socialism in one country to a point where the standards of living and culture compare favorably with the highest achievements of advanced capitalist nations demands, by common admission, at least two generations. During this period Russia must enjoy peace and freedom from foreign intervention at all costs. Revolutionary uprisings are likely to embroil Western Europe and Russia in war and so interrupt the building of socialism. Consequently, the logic of Stalin's position entails that the communist parties throughout the world renounce revolutionary action, if not phrases, and that Russia pledge herself to perpetuate the social and political status quo in Europe. During the coming historic period, Russia will have to re-enter the system of European alliances and play off its friendship with one capitalist power against another. It will have to convert the communist parties of the world into Soviet border patrols, arms of the Russian foreign office, patriotic to their own governments when these are friendly to Russia and revolutionary only in countries preparing military intervention. In this way the Third International, like the Second before it, would be transformed from a revolutionary force in the world arena to one of the most conservative. Lenin's slogan that the enemy of the working-class is to be found in its own country would be discarded. Until the day when a socialist society finally emerged in Russia, the function of communist parties would be to brake and abort revolutionary movements. Such a policy, elaborated in the interests of the continued security of the Russian bureaucracy, could triumph only by throttling democracy in the Russian party, establishing the dictatorial rule of those who set loyalty to Stalin above loyalty to the principles of Marxism, and finally investing Stalin with powers transcending the Czars.

Trotsky further predicted that this strategy would cause communist parties throughout the world to retreat to pacifism and cloudy phrasemongery just at those moments when the decline of capitalism generated favorable conditions for militant action, that in many countries fascism would therefore come to power and liquidate revolutionary movements, and that Russia would shortly thereafter have to defend herself against interventionist attack. But by then Russia's border patrols would have been destroyed and she would have nothing to fall back upon, besides her own resources, except the evasive and shifting promises of "friendly" capitalist powers. The best defence of the U.S.S.R., Trotsky concluded, was the establishment of socialist government wherever possible.

The rest of the volume, together with the editor's introduction, records and interprets events in Russia, China, and Germany, the shifts in Russian foreign policy towards the League of Nations and military pacts, the replacement of the slogan "socialism versus fascism" by "capitalist democracy versus fascism" on the part of the Third International—all of which go far to confirm Trotsky's startling prognoses. One need not share Trotsky's own position to admit the clarity of his vision and the brilliance of his political forecasting. In fact I know of no book which will be more welcome to those who still fear that the Third International is a subversive force in the world or that it may some day return to the program of Lenin. It demonstrates that Russia is irrevocably a part of the comity of nations, the staunchest defender of the European status quo.

Logically I cannot accept some of the sharp antitheses Trotsky draws or subscribe to the philosophic mysticism of the opinion that his own line is sure to prevail in the end. Although in his concrete analysis no historian is more sensitive to the complexities and relative contingencies of human affairs, in his theoretical formulations Trotsky inclines to an unqualified monism. But in this connection, these are peripheral matters. No one is entitled to pass judgment upon Russia, the future of Europe, and the prospects of the international working class movement who has not read this book from cover to cover.

Sidney Hook's new book, "From Hegel to Marx," is soon to be published.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"A Boy of the First Empire"

LOOKING through the *Publishers' Weekly* I came upon an advertisement for binders' cloth. The illustration showed several volumes of the "Thorndike Library," a series of time-approved juveniles edited by Professor E. L. Thorndike. But it was not the matter of binding that interested me: there in the picture was recognizable a copy of my good old *Boy of the First Empire.* I read it in a bound volume of *St. Nicholas* some 35 years ago and had never seen it since. At once I wrote to the Appleton-Century Company, who kindly sent me copies both of the Thorndike edition (adapted to the capacities of very young readers) and of the untampered story, which is still in print.

I'm ashamed to confess that I had not remembered the name of the author, Elbridge S. Brooks; nor of the illustrator, H. A. Ogden, whose drawings gave me so much young pleasure. There must have been many of my era who got a hero-worshipping notion of the Little Corporal from that excellent story. The scene that had stayed with me most clearly was when we tore down the Bourbon draperies, decorated with lilies, and replaced them with the bees of Bonaparte, when the Emperor returned from Elba.

I reread the story without disillusionment, and rather wondered why any editing was thought necessary for the very young. The only thing I should have altered — which Professor Thorndike leaves unchanged—was the needlessly slangy chapter - title "Why Philip Was Mad at the Clerk of the Weather."

It was exciting to find de Caulaincourt mentioned, of whom we have learned more in his recently discovered memoirs; and a complete surprise to find that the young hero, Napoleon's devoted page, eventually emigrated to Philadelphia.—Once more I say to myself, were there ever such grand juveniles as those we used to read in the years 1895 to 1905?

NAPOLEON LEAVES FOR ELBA
From "A Boy of the First Empire."

Napoleon is in the book-news again at this moment; indeed he is hardly ever out of it. And after some searching I ran down an extraordinary passage that I dimly remembered. It is one of the really great shots of sentimental flash-reporting, though it was done from memory many years afterward. Heinrich Heine, as a boy of 12, saw the Emperor ride into Düsseldorf in 1811, and recorded the scene in his *Reisebilder* (C. G. Leland's translation):—

"The Emperor with his retinue rode directly through the avenue. The trembling leaves bowed towards him as he advanced, the sunbeams quivered, frightened, yet curious, through the green leaves, and in the blue heaven above there swam visibly a golden star. The Emperor wore his invisible-green uniform and the little world-renowned hat. He rode a white steed, which stepped with such calm pride, so confidently, so nobly—had I then been Crown Prince of Prussia I would have envied that steed. Carelessly, almost lazily, sat the Emperor, holding his rein with one hand, and with the other good-naturedly patting the horse's neck. It was a sunny, marble hand, and it good-naturedly patted the horse's neck. Even the face had that hue which we find in the marble of Greek and Roman busts; the traits were as nobly cut as in the antique, and on that face was written, Thou shalt have no gods before me. A smile, which warmed and soothed every heart, flitted over the lips—and yet all knew that those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire clergy would have stopped their ringing and singing; those lips needed but to whistle—and the entire Holy Roman Empire would have danced. And those lips smiled and the eye smiled too. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read the hearts of men. The brow was not so clear, the phantoms of future battles were nestling there."

As antidote to the hero-worshipping view I like occasionally to reread that superb chapter at the beginning of Alfred de Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle* (a book now exactly 100 years old) which describes the shell-shocked spirits of the generation which came to maturity just after the Napoleonic era.

THE
HOLY BIBLE
Containing the Old and New Testaments: Translated out of the Original Tongues and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by His Majesty's special Command

Appointed to be read in Churches

OXFORD
Printed at the University Press
1935

Integrity of Eye

Once we chaffed Mr. Bruce Rogers, the distinguished typographer, for being (like the Bowling Green) an instinctive procrastinator. But not always; for we read in his *Account of the Making of the Oxford Lectern Bible* that he began experimenting with layouts for the title-page and front matter of that great book "two or three years before they would be called for." And his wise comment is this:—

"I have found that if one looks too long at the various trials of a type composition it is difficult to retain the integrity of eye necessary to a wise estimate of their comparative values, and I wanted to put these pages into approximately final form while my interest in them was fresh."

I reproduce the title-page, very much diminished. Mr. Rogers remarks "The practised eye will note that the word 'Command' was placed out of center to avoid the unpleasant proximity of the d to a y in the line above."

This most interesting essay on a great job that was in plan and work for nearly six years is a treasure for students of print. At one stage of the preliminary discussions Mr. John Johnson, Printer to Oxford University, remarked plaintively to Humphrey Milford, "What protection am I to be given against Rogers in the matter of spacing? If he has his way throughout, none of us will live long enough to see the end of this book."

Bruce Rogers tells us that (including the Apocrypha) there are 4,631,056 letters in the Bible. I should love to see a car-

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toon of him counting them, while Johnson and Milford hover anxiously in the background.

Mr. G. A. Plimpton

Few lovers of print have contributed more generously and creatively to the cause of Right Reason than G. A. Plimpton, who died on July 1, only a few days short of his 81st birthday. He was senior partner in the distinguished firm of Ginn and Company, educational publishers, and benefactor of many schools and colleges including his own Amherst (where he graduated in '76). He served as a trustee of Barnard College since its foundation. His great collection of medieval MSS and the incunabula of education is famous among scholars; its treasures are reflected in his two valuable books *The Education of Shakespeare* and *The Education of Chaucer* in which he discussed, with illustrations from his own library, the textbooks that were available for those writers.

Reading Tastes in Massachusetts

The Massachusetts Library Association recently published an interesting symposium called *Books We Like* ($3, obtainable from Julius Lucht, c/o Newton Free Library, Newton, Mass.) Sixty-two eminent Bay Staters answered the following question:—

Please choose, and give reasons for your choice, ten books (exclusive of the Bible, Shakespeare, and reference books) that you believe should be in every public library.

Massachusetts rose gallantly to the bait. Her enthusiasts did not always stick very close to the question proposed, but they said a lot of interesting things. For instance:—

Hawthorne, sitting on his stool in the Custom House year after year, raises the question of the relative value of art and character. Would he have been a greater artist if he had given all his time to literature? Or was he of more value to the world because he put bread and butter and shoes for his family before the writing of books?

—Margaret Deland.

A High Wind in Jamaica, by Richard Hughes, is a completely shocking book in the real sense. No one can altogether forget its picture of the minds and behavior of children.

—Elizabeth Coatsworth.

W. E. Hocking's *The Meaning of God in Human Experience* is, I think, the most important book on religion written by an American.

—Dr. Richard C. Cabot.

Under the heading of criticism I put first Victor Hugo's *William Shakespeare.* This to me is one of the most delightful books ever written, and I find that it is also one of the least known. Hardly a month passes without my rereading some part of it.

—Ben Ames Williams.

As a basis for material living and self-preservation, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* has yet to be superseded.

—Roger W. Babson.

Often I have read *Kim* over again for the pleasure of coming to one particular scene: the description of the high hills of Tibet. More and more I enjoy its revelation of a philosophy of quiet that this country knows not of.

—Louis Felix Ranlett.

The Letters of Edward Lear is to my mind the ideal bedside book.

—David McCord.

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf, is the best to my mind of the stream-of-consciousness books. It has everything that's best in modern writing.

—Louise Andrews Kent.

Walt's French

I've always had a morbid amusement in Walt Whitman's tags of French. This is undoubtedly a "defense mechanism"; because my own French is pretty gruesome it pleases me to think that Walt's was even more appalling. So figure yourselves my delight to discover, in a recent book (of great value to Whitman students) how he actually pronounced it. Emory Holloway and Ralph Adimari have edited a collection of Walt's newspaper articles, under his own title *New York Dissected* (published 1936 by Rufus Rockwell Wilbon). Among many interesting pieces one finds an essay (written 1856) on "America's Mightiest Inheritance," viz. the English language. To this Walt adds an "appendant" counselling the adoption of useful French words. "In pronouncing French, or any other foreign words," says Walt, "not a few accomplished American and English people prefer boldly to bend them at once as nigh as possible to the English tongue." Here, to choose a few from his list of "tip-top words, much needed in English," is how he bent them. He cautiously copied from some dictionary (perhaps Spiers and Surennes?) a phonographic suggestion of the usual French utterance, and then added his own adaptation. Thus:—

French	Walt's Pronunciation
accoucheuse	ak-koo-shuse
auditoire	aw-de-toar
bon soir	bon soar
bourgeoise	boor-joi-see
canaille	ka-nale
concierge	kon-sahrj
escritoir	es-kre-tore
genre	jahn-r
portfuille (sic)	port-ful-ye
trottoir	trot-toar

There is probably no pastime in the world that gives more reward in harmless chuckles than the pursuit of old Walt.

Ampersands

&&& The famous "little gray cells' of Hercule Poirot, the Belgian detective, were not working well when he wrote his entertaining letter to Mr. Dodd which prefaces the new Dodd, Mead omnibus of Agatha Christie. To our dismay, on the second page of the letter, M. Poirot gives away the secret of the famous *Murder of Roger Ackroyd,* thus depriving any new readers of their jolt of surprise. &&& Please, Mr. Dodd, fix this before the next printing, or tell the booksellers to black out the telltale sentence on page vi.

Aldous Huxley's Man of Good Will

(*Continued from page* 4)

novel. When Bennett and Galsworthy died, the literary scene which had so long been dominated by imaginative writers no longer cohered under any domination. The next generation had produced significant novelists in Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster. But Lawrence died in his forties, and Forster wrote his last novel in 1924. Joyce began his "Work in Progress," and Mrs. Woolf wrote "Orlando," "Flush," and "The Waves." "Work in Progress" is an abandonment of the novel in the direction of case history; and "The Waves" was an abandonment of the novel in the direction of poetry. Which left Aldous Huxley, who took a satirical holiday with "Brave New World," and now, four years later, in his most serious attempt to unravel an intellectual problem, finds narrative insufficient for his purposes.

It seems that an intellectual novelist like Huxley, and like Wells before him, although possessed of enormous imaginative powers, cannot subordinate those to his immediate interest in the problems of contemporary life. Whether it is because the danger of a breakdown in civilization makes the ordinary materials of fiction—stories, characters, and individual relationships—seem trivial, or whether it is because contemporary life is too complex for any treatment other than the purely analytical, the result is that the intellectual novelist comes finally to some form of non-fiction between journalism and philosophy. If Aldous Huxley had maintained a detached point of view towards Anthony Beavis, "Eyeless in Gaza" would have been a novel comparable in every respect to "Point Counter Point." In fact, nine tenths of it is comparable: this new novel is magnificently readable, acutely intelligent, and, in its succession of narrative episodes, humorous, compassionate, and dramatic. But the point of the book is in the ten per cent that is not comparable to "Point Counter Point"—and this ten per cent is non-fiction.

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SANFELICE

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WALTER DURANTY cables from Moscow: "With possible exception *Man's Fate* I have never read so vivid and moving a story of revolution."

JAMES GREY, in the N. Y. *Sun*: "Sanfelice is a fine book; its mob scenes are masterly and the crowds of beggers, thieves and plotters seethe and hiss through the streets of its Naples like the lava in the furnace on the hill above the city."

LEWIS GANNETT, in the *Herald-Tribune*: "Sanfelice . . . will be read as sheer, tumultuous, gallant romance. It has more in it than a touch of Dumas."

by VINCENT SHEEAN

Author of PERSONAL HISTORY

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Giving Away Secrets

NANTUCKET: The Far-Away Island. By William O. Stevens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by AUSTIN STRONG

IF I were a dictator I would suppress this charming book at once and send this author scurrying to the place where writers are sent who give away important secrets. We selfish but amiable lunatics who have lived a decade or more on the Island have jealously guarded the fact that Nantucket is an authentic bit of paradise and that we, because of our chance good deeds, are allowed to dwell there for short periods of time, before we sadly return to the purgatory of "America" to pay for our sins.

We all know that when the steamer changes her course at the Cross Rip Lightship and heads for the Far-Away Island we have passed in some mysterious way through the invisible gate.

Mr. Stevens with his attractive drawings and pleasantly written book has published our secret to the great American public. We are at long last "discovered." Now hordes of tourist-bandarlog will descend upon us to "swing by their irreverent tails" over our holy places. There is no doubt in my mind that this book will be a success. It will popularize Nantucket and thousands will come in boat-loads seeking peace and isolation. They will bring their corpulent cars to jam our quiet lanes, steaming hot-dog stands will spring up like horrid magic in our brooding cobbled streets, and swarms of stout be-bosomed and be-bottomed dames in gaudy pyjamas and floppy hats will destroy the tranquillity the few have come to seek.

Personally I am worried about this book. Will the publicity Mr. Stevens has given my friendly ghost lay his spirit forever? Robert Ratliff, Master Rigger and English man o' warsman, once owned my old house on Crown Court, now called Quince Street. Being reared more or less on deep water I have an affection for my British sailor who fought under Lord Nelson in the Battle of Copenhagen; who as a member of the crew of the Albion took part in the burning of the city of Washington and only partially, alas, destroyed Congress. He walked with kings in his day, and Longfellow subscribed with others to build his tomb on the corner of the Old North Burying Ground.

When Sir George Cockburn's ship arrived at St. Helena, Robert Ratliff was chosen to carry the Emperor's personal effects ashore in his hands. To a visitor he said, "Buonaparty pinched my ear once. I was a lad of twenty then. He asked me in fair English how I liked sailoring and if they gave me enough to eat. How did he look? Well I'll tell you. He was full figured, you know, and wore small clothes and an old green coat. He never spoke to the English officers."

This book is obviously a labor of love on the part of the author. I only pray that its success won't hurt the thing he loves by frightening away forevermore our beloved ghosts.

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Americanism in Painting

LIMNERS AND LIKENESSES: Three Centuries of American Painting. By Alan Burroughs. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $7.50.

Reviewed by VIRGIL BARKER

THIS title is pleasantly alliterative, but to the layman it does not directly convey the intention of the book, which is to date the most ambitious attempt to disentangle and define the quality of Americanism in painting. Both its persistence in pursuing the idea and the range of its corroborative illustrations place it at once among the important books in its field. That field, it needs saying, is not history in the necessarily comprehensive meaning of the word. The history of painting in America is a more complex affair than the story of American painting; the latter is one strand, though the most important strand, in the total production of the art here. In attempting to track down the trait of nationality, Mr. Burroughs has made his book an essay in interpretation.

Even so, he has not kept out other factors. In the opening sections, dealing with the colonial period, he discusses many problems of authentication and stylistic influence before he even begins to specify examples and painters exhibiting a quality properly called American. The state of knowledge—one might almost say, of ignorance—concerning colonial painting being what it is, it is easy to understand why Mr. Burroughs felt obliged to enter into such questions; but he has allowed them more prominence than they deserve in a book which aims at something beyond them. In their own right, also, they need more space than he can give them here and, most importantly, documentation by more reproductions than they here receive. In any book devoted to the thesis of nationality the matter of expertizing is bound to be a distracting element.

The first four chapters are consistently chronological in treatment, bringing the record down to a little beyond 1800 in the person of Trumbull. The succeeding chapters turn to a topical treatment, with the result that the greater part of the nineteenth century and the twentieth century are traversed several times in threading out as many different tendencies in painting—French influences, early and late, sentimental portraiture, early landscape, the poetic strain, and the like. The final chapter is entitled "The Struggle for Nationality"; it begins with nineteenth-century genre and touches in rapid succession on the later painters who have used the American scene as material, among whom Eakins is rightly accented. The living painters chosen for the emphatic position of closing the argument are some who have consistently neglected the stylizations of expressionism.

For Mr. Burroughs, like those who before him have started the hare of Americanism in painting, characterizes it by the word "realism" and its derivatives; at the very end he recurs to his title in associating this "dependence on fact" with the early limners and their care for likeness. He points out that realism assumes more than one form; and in naming one as a realism of mind he lays open the way to a convincing inclusion of the imaginative painters. Yet his preceding section on this group is the least satisfactory in the book; his analysis of the greatest—Ryder—is even puzzlingly inadequate; and he is content to leave the topic as one "which suggests depths of the American temperament as yet inadequately sounded." Mr. Burroughs has elaborated the theme of Americanism at greater length than any other writer on painting; but at that his essay remains a sketch. The difficulty lies mainly in separating too sharply American painting from all the other painting done in America; the quality of Americanism cannot be fully demonstrated except in the full complexity of its historical setting.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HALFWAY HOUSE *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Single, double, and synchronous murder of N. Y. socialite and Pa. jewel peddler in N. J. shack make E. Queen hustle.	Solution irregardless, a matchless blend of eerie background, crackling action, a capital court scene, and good sleuthing.	*Vive la Reine!*
THE DEATH ANGEL *Clyde B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Poisoned fungi, masked bow-man, bloody hand prints, vanished corpse, all fail to baffle Prof. Westborough.	Moves a bit leisurely at first but when plot really begins to simmer watch out for tricks and thrills.	Top notcher
GUNSTON COTTON *Rupert Grayson* (Dutton: $2.)	Debonair and daring secret service man tracks intriguers to lonely English inn, uncovers guilty secrets.	Barring the epic combat with which the yarn concludes there is not much here to write home about.	Maybe

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ALL INQUIRIES:
R. L. BROWN, Esq.
Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont

The Modern Quest for God

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHIES OF RELIGION. By Henry Nelson Wieman and Bernard Eugene Meland. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Company. 1936. $3.

GOD IS MY ADVENTURE. By Rom Landau. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $3.50.

THE FOOL HATH SAID. By Beverley Nichols. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by A. C. WYCKOFF

THAT a modern search for God is on, no one who has been interested in observing what is taking place in literature and life will deny. One could fill a page with titles of recent books phrased around this search or quest for God. The three books to be reviewed, give a glimpse of it in America, Germany, England, and the British Dominions. Wieman and Meland, in "American Philosophies Of Religion," give fifty-seven varieties of religious experience. Rom Landau adds ten more most unusual varieties, and Beverley Nichols describes his book as "The Story of a Modern Search for God."

The amount of preparatory work which has gone into "American Philosophies Of Religion" will be realized when it is recognized that it contains a study of fifty-seven American philosophers and theologians who in their way are seeking God. It covers only the modern period, beginning with Josiah Royce, William James, Francis L. Patton, and continues down to the Niebuhrs of the younger generation. As evidence of the liberal spirit controlling the authors, such names are included as George Santayana, Baker Brownell, William P. Montague, Alfred N. Whitehead, F. S. C. Northrop, Harry A. Overstreet, Walter Lippmann, and John Dewey. It would be difficult to find any living American philosopher who could more clearly and fairly present the thinking of such widely varying religious thinkers, than Professor Wieman.

One of the features of this presentation is that it shows each seeker finds God. Of this he is sure, so sure that he feels impelled to convert others to his God. But, while the experiential areas of each religious thinker are psychologically similar, they are so different philosophically, that no one of the fifty-seven is quite satisfied with another's God. Their thinking is "rooted" in the wrong philosophical soil. For example, Professor Wieman himself finds it most difficult to extend his sympathetic philosophical understanding to the Neo-Supernaturalists, as he styles them. He classifies himself among the Empirical Theists, with John Dewey and Edward Scribner Ames, and others who are "Rooted in the Tradition of Naturalism." We suspect that John Dewey again will object to being classed with him, as he has on other occasions. But Wieman still feels that Dewey does not fully appreciate his real religious position.

An interesting feature of the American philosophers of religion appears in their major preoccupation with the problems raised by the advancement in modern science. Living as they do in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, and teaching students who are graduates of these institutions, they feel their whole reputation as successful teachers depends upon their ability to meet this new challenge to theism which is made by the natural and social sciences. One cannot but admire the courageous and determined way in which they have held their ground against great odds. Yet, they betray too much nervousness in the presence of this department of human knowledge to be at their best in presenting constructively the spiritual values of religion. They are too university-conscious, too science-minded for the free functioning of their full personality resources in this important field. To be sure they have extended the boundaries of their monism to include the whole domain of the cosmos now known to science, but neither natural science, biology, social science, nor psychology provides them with sufficient data to support their religious theories. Even John Dewey has to call his Humanism "A Common Faith." A "Faith" it is, though not yet adopted as "common." These criticisms should not be allowed seriously to interfere with the exceptional value which this book furnishes to teachers, students, and preachers.

Rom Landau, in "God Is My Adventure," presents ten modern mystics and masters, who represent that great group

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of religious personalities who refuse to be stampeded by modern science and philosophy into capitulating to their methods in seeking for God and spiritual realities. They, too, find God. And, if possible, they are even more certain of this reality than their science-minded colleagues. Landau is primarily interested in the personalities of these people. And in so many instances, he brings out the fact that the personality is more important than the teaching, in establishing the following that is gained. How our author could place himself for fifteen years under the direct influence of the strange personalities he describes, and yet come through it all without becoming a devotee to any one of them, is one of the marvels of the book. For he knew intimately these men—Count Keyserling, Krishnamurti, Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, Shri Meher Baba, and others. The first two divisions of the book describe his experiences as he joined the groups of these various leaders, and explains the teachings they gave concerning spiritual truth. The last division, entitled "Fulfilments," tells how, after fifteen years, he goes back to check up on what has been the outcome of their movements and teachings.

"The Fool Hath Said," by Beverley Nichols, introduces us to a third method of finding God. It is much more available for the average person than either of the other two. It functions through an act of the will by which one surrenders wholly to God, and then, from the vantage point of faith in God, turns to solve all of life's other problems. Beverley Nichols is a charming young English writer, whose books on Old English thatched cottages, English gardens and villages, have won for him a warm place in the hearts of many Americans. He was persuaded to attend one of the Oxford Group meetings and, as a result, was "changed." After this "change" all life looks different. The intellectual problems of religion, which up to this moment had been rather insuperable, now almost vanish. He, too, has found God, and is sure of it, as he repeatedly affirms. So we read in another place: "It is the one true thing I know, that rather than lose my faith in Christ, I would give up every material thing." Of all the books on the Oxford Group Movement I have reviewed, this is by far the most appealing. One wonders what there is in this Movement that enables it to get such a mighty grip upon this highly educated, rarely gifted, socially prominent, young Englishman. As an antidote, one should read Rom Landau's study of "The Man Whose God Was a Millionaire."

A. C. Wyckoff is minister of the Reformed Church of Spring Valley, N. Y.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 119)

WM. HAZLITT—
"ON CORPORATE BODIES"

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Thematic Overture

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO
THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE OF

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by Herbert Gorman

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The Mountain and the Plain

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. Second edition, with revisions and additional letters. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.

Scholars and general readers who were too poor to buy Mr. Forman's edition of 1931 may rejoice that this new edition is not out of reach. It is not merely a reprint. The editor has spared no pains to make the present edition definitive; the useful apparatus is revised and enlarged, and nine letters and two fragments are added to the text. The new material includes items of some interest, if not of great importance. The canonical text no longer begins with, "Although the Borough is a beastly place . . ." for we now have the earlier part of this letter to Clarke of October, 1815; Keats is looking forward to meeting Hunt—" 't will be an Era in my existence"—and has chosen one poem for the great man to see. The most remarkable letter is that of March 31, 1819, written—not many weeks before the Odes—in answer to a series of questions on the catechism from his sister, who is preparing for confirmation. The sympathetic interest of "Your affectionate Parson" might be explained as more fraternal than religious, but the tone of the letter and the numerous Biblical citations suggest that Keats himself has recently been studying the evidences of Christianity; the inference is supported, as an English reviewer (perhaps Mr. Murry) has observed, by the fact that Keats's only other explicit reference to Christ occurs in the section of a journal-letter written on March 19. Finally, on November 19 we have a gloomy letter to George Keats, who needs money; Mr. Abbey wants John "to turn Bookseller"; he has tried to write lately but cannot get on while George is in such low water. Looking back over his *annus mirabilis*, he can say: "Nothing could have in all its circumstances fallen out worse for me than the last year has done, or could be more damping to my poetical talent—I comfort myself in the idea that you are a consolation to each other."

During the last twenty years Keats's letters have probably been more read and more quoted than those of any other English author; as the intimate record of the growth of a poet's mind and as a golden book of criticism they make Shelley's letters seem strangely remote and immature. This Bible for poets and readers of poetry can now be everyone's personal possession.

D. B.

Fiction

FRIGHTENED ANGELS. By Joanna Cannan. Harpers. 1936. $2.

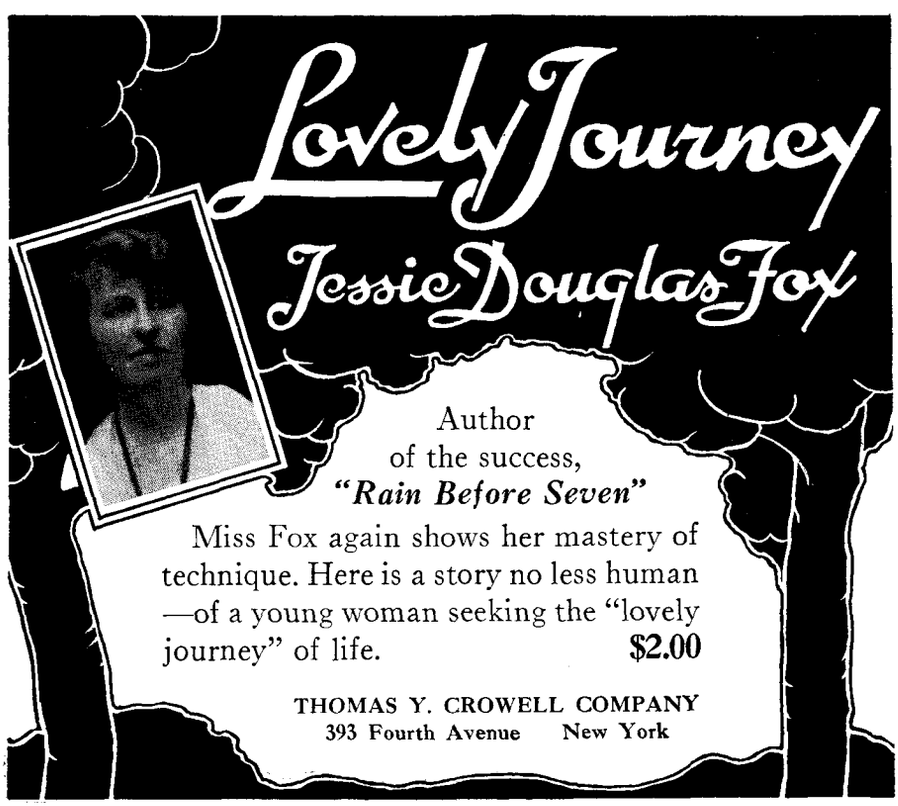
Joanna Cannan has told her story well, bringing out all its bitterness and tragic irony. It is about John Marlow, a master in a minor English public school, a failure in life, a sensitive, kindly man who becomes an inadvertent murderer. It is a rather painful book, and Miss Cannan does not shrink from any touch of realism that will help her picture; John Marlow's bleak life-history,—illumined by one moment of stolen happiness that proves his undoing,—his poverty, his disillusion, his despairing sense of inadequacy, are shown us in sharp-bitten detail. He is weak, he is eaten up with an inferiority complex, he makes a mess of his life, but we share the half-contemptuous liking with which Miss Cannan regards him. The fate that overtakes him is reminiscent in its cruel irony of certain stories of Maupassant.

C. C.

BLESSED ABOVE WOMEN. Pamela Hansford Johnson. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.

Yeats once observed that a particular writer's work lacked depth, because it contained no "vision of evil." Certainly Miss Johnson's work takes on depth and even a certain fascination precisely because of her perception of evil, of those dark, abnormal forces of the soul that can accent and shadow apparently simple lives. She has observed as a psychologist and written with a story-teller's sense of the value of light and shade, and she has surrounded her characters with an indefinable atmosphere of danger that is not dispelled until the last page of the book.

"Blessed Above Women" is woven out of the life of Miss Hobchick, a pathetic, a very painfully real, old maid, but it is not the quiet story that might be imagined. Within the meagre circle of Miss Hobchick's experience move people in-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of the success,
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THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue New York

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volved in complex emotional problems, and always, behind them, there lurk the batwinged shadows Miss Johnson has made so disturbingly believable. Miss Johnson is, essentially, a good story-teller and all her abilities—her insight into human nature, her vivid, quick touch in description, her easy handling of dialogue, and her skill in shadowing forth the almost imperceptible causes of dramatic consequences—are subordinated to the necessities of the story.

C. C.

DAY OF VICTORY. By Mary Barrow Linfield. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.50.

This very serious scrutiny of struggle in a man's mind fails to be particularly revealing chiefly because its effort is so gigantic. Miss Linfield has tried to crowd into the brevity of a business man's day —a day tense with its own activities— the memories of a lifetime. Flashbacks within flashbacks probe and illuminate the dark recesses of John Chapman's conscience. But in so short a book and with so restive a mind as Chapman's, these subjective explorations become hasty, even while passionate, and impossible to correlate. The romance of the past exploits the drama of the present without enhancing it. By adhering too closely to the gyrations of the human mind, the author has emasculated that very mood of mental anguish she wanted to sustain.

D. K.

Miscellaneous

JEWS IN AMERICA. By the Editors of Fortune *Magazine. Random House.* 1936. $1.

The editors of *Fortune* set themselves the task of getting the facts behind the charge of Jewish control in important aspects of American life. Anti-Semitic propaganda and open incitement, given emphasis by recent experience in Nazi Germany, demanded scotching by Aryan hands. Since Fascism had shown its ability to feed and grow fat upon Jew-hatred, the rising fear of an American fascistic movement added to the urgency of the need for a straightforward, elementary statement of the possible foundations in the United States of a program similar to the "deliberately incited, affirmative racial phobia which has produced the social and economic and sometimes physical pogroms of modern Germany just as it produced the murderous pogroms of Czarist Russia."

The facts about Semitic power in the United States must be discouraging both to Jew-baiters and to Jews. The evidence leads inescapably to the conclusion that the 4,500,000 Jews in this country have failed to gain the abnormal national leadership credited to them alternatively as proof of sinister control or mark of superior citizenship.

Stated without the customary pedantic qualifications and refinements which it is assumed the intelligent reader can supply for himself ad lib., the volume boils down to the generalization that active American anti-Semitism is not caused by Jewish control of even a few industries and occupations, but is instead

(*Continued on page* 21)

A BORZOI BOOK

Terror hangs over their heads

They are waiting for The Old Man to arrive. For twenty years they had neither seen him nor heard from him. Here they are, gathered in his home, fearing him, dreading his invisible presence, wondering what he will do to them.

There's Ragnhild—middle-aged but still beautiful—calm, self-assured, and infinitely wise. How does The Old Man affect her?

Her neurotic daughter Marianne, dissolute, talented, wonders what it all means. Her son—a young Nazi who knows all the answers. Her illegitimate daughter, a child of six. Each is waiting, planning, wondering.

With them are friends, relatives, servants of various faiths, beliefs and politics, some loving, others hating The Old Man.

You are aware of him almost from the first page. You conjure a complete picture of him through the words and actions of this strange group.

When he arrives... But there's the surprise. What he seeks is far beyond the understanding of his family and friends. The resulting conflict of wills and passions is an extraordinary tragi-comedy.

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The Old Man's Coming

By GÖSTA GUSTAF-JANSON

A beautiful book, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·N·Y·

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE NATIVE'S RETURN. By Louis Adamic. *Harpers.*

ENCHANTED APRIL. By Elizabeth. *Doubleday, Doran.*

LIBERTY. By Everett Dean Martin. *Norton.*

Rivers of the World

THE Clearing House has set up vacation headquarters in a corner of the Middle West, where roads run straight through wheat and corn lands as far as the eye can see, and where mining operations have thrown up a stark and fantastic landscape that looks like a miniature mountain region long since dead. It's enchanting to the urbanite—this vast stretch of plain melting into prairie, the miles of wheat lying in heaps waiting to be gathered in, the corn in tassel, the muddy streams edged with trees that break the smooth expanse. Alas! Streams bring us back to work with a jerk, for here at my elbow is a letter inquiring about rivers of the world that should have the space in these columns I'm wasting on my personal enthusiasm.

D. A. B. of Liscomb, Iowa, *writes to say that her club likes the idea of conducting a program on Great Rivers of the World such as a group in St. Johnsbury, Vt., consulted this department about a year or two ago. She wants additional references to those then given, and suggests as particular streams to be considered the Rhine, the Volga, the Amazon, the La Plata, some Australian, Chinese, and Indian rivers, and American rivers. And she wants not only accounts of the rivers themselves, but, if there is any to be had, an opera dealing with a river, and a book or two of interest on some land through which a great stream flows.*

The Nibelungen Lied, of course, springs to mind at once when opera is mentioned. If D. A. B. refers to Gertrude Hall's THE WAGNERIAN ROMANCES (Knopf) she can get her background material for the Rhine opera, and can then add the necessary material on the river itself, its scenic aspects, its local legends, its spots of historic interest, and its places of beauty or importance, by consulting Frank R. Fraprie's THE SPELL OF THE RHINE (Page), a book which in addition to its own description will give her a bibliography that will lead her to further accounts. If she wants a European river which I did not mention in that list for the St. Johnsbury Club to which she wishes a supplement, she might take the Rhone and use as reference for it G. Fauré's BANKS OF THE RHONE (Brentanos), or, if that book is too expensive, H. Quigley's THE LAND OF THE RHONE (Houghton Mifflin) which at five dollars is only half the price of the former. In addition to the volumes containing material on the Volga which I mentioned in the earlier column she or some member of her group might read Boris Pilnyak's excellent novel, THE VOLGA FLOWS TO THE CASPIAN SEA (Farrar & Rinehart), and the club should by all means, if it wants authentic and extensive information on the U. S. S. R., read, as D. A. B. suggests, SOVIET COMMUNISM (Scribners), by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. There is no other work to which they can turn with as much certainty of getting a calm, detached, and at the same time completely illuminating picture of contemporary Russia.

To pass from Europe to Asia. The late Stella Benson, who was so lively, informed, and entertaining a commentator on foreign lands, in her volume of travels, THE LITTLE WORLD (Macmillan) included a description of the Yangtze (D. A. B. will find it on pages 76-86 of that book). Here again D. A. B. has made the best possible selection for collateral reading for her club—Lin Yutang's MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE (Day), a truly illuminating book in the Chinese, written with suavity, grace, and breadth of outlook. And of course she shouldn't forget, while she is on the subject of Asian rivers, the Ganges. I find no book specifically upon it, but the narratives of travellers to India are full of it, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica has an interesting article. It was in the Britannica, too, that I found an instructive account of the waterways of Australia, rivers of vast total mileage but of varied volume and frequently interrupted flow.

I skip the Nile and Africa, for I covered them for the St. Johnsbury Club, and can find nothing later than what I then quoted, and pass on to South America. The magnificent rivers of that continent have enlisted the pens of two of the most felicitous of travel writers. THE CONQUEST OF THE PLATE, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, who died only recently, is, to be sure, published by Heinemann in England, but it is easily procurable. H. W. Bates's A NATURALIST ON THE RIVER AMAZONS, originally issued in 1863, is a travel classic and is to be had in the Everyman's Library Edition (Dutton).

And now for America. First, the Father of the Waters. And first on that Mark Twain's LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI which ought to be read by anyone interested not only in rivers but in the successive phases of American society. Then next, Lyle Saxon's lively and instructive FATHER MISSISSIPPI (Appleton-Century). Just a few weeks ago appeared a delightful book which contains a section on the great river, but which is principally devoted to its beautiful affluent, the Ohio. I

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Elizabeth

Empress of Austria

By COUNT EGON CORTI

"There can be no doubt that this life of Elizabeth is Count Corti's masterpiece."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* "Count Corti's work is excellent, based on profound knowledge without pedantry, and respectful sympathy without servility. It is free from spicy scandal and from official adulation."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Authentic, absorbing. He has made a more important contribution to the understanding of this enigmatic person than all his predecessors combined."—*N. Y. Times.* "An excellent book about a fascinating, compelling woman."—*Boston Transcript.* 2nd printing. Illustrated. $4.00

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New Haven, Conn.

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read portions of C. B. Firestone's SYCAMORE SHORES (McBride), with keen interest in preparation for a trip up the Mississippi and Ohio and feel sure it is excellent for such a purpose. Finally, to conclude D. A. B.'s river journeying, I pass on to Canada, the St. Lawrence, and the Saguenay. For them she should read Blodwin Davies's THE SAGUENAY: THE RIVER OF DEEP WATERS (Dodd, Mead) which contains a chapter on the St. Lawrence. And now at the end, instead of at the beginning, where logically it should have stood, I mention a coming book, Wilson S. Dakin's GREAT RIVERS OF THE WORLD (Macmillan) which will afford a bird's-eye view of the principal streams of the globe.

D. A. B. in making her request for assistance in regard to rivers added another for material for two programs on peace. She ought to be able to get the help she wants from Norman Angell's THE GREAT ILLUSION (Putnams) and PEACE AND THE PLAIN MAN (Harpers). A. A. Milne's PEACE WITH HONOUR (Doubleday, Doran), Beverly Nichols's CRY HAVOC! (Doubleday, Doran). The library of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace issues gratis a pamphlet entitled PEACE PROJECTS, and also has a bibliography on the subject.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

an understandable, predictable, but essentially feeble result of such multiple factors as urban concentration, differential cultural characteristics, defensive behavior growing out of minority insecurity and self-consciousness, historically accidental biased occupational distribution, conscious incitement, and downright ignorance.

Should it be thought questionable that such a little book, which is in fact no more than an overgrown magazine article all dressed up to go to market, should receive serious consideration, the defense is not difficult. Anti-Semitism in America needs just this kind of casual admonitory verbal spanking; fleas should be slapped, not shot with a gun. As a by-product, academic specialists in group relations and technical students of society in general may also consider themselves spanked by the effective way amateurs have poached on their preserves. It shakes one's faith in the need for the advanced techniques in social investigation. D. Y.

THE HERITAGE OF THE CATHEDRAL. By Sartell Prentice. Morrow. 1936. $3.50.

This is a book based on much experience and enthusiasm. It traces clearly the evolution of structural design, and discusses with eloquence the religious and social causes that produced the great age of cathedral building. It is sufficiently illustrated. It will perhaps do the average reader no harm that the author takes to his heart the most unlikely and unproved hypotheses, and, for good measure, offers as facts irresponsible speculations of his own. But this volatile habit of mind should and will find no favor with readers of a well-informed and serious sort. F. J. M.

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This chatty, informal account of an adventure-packed journey does for Italy and Switzerland what the author's "Lighthearted Journey" did for France. Through the Italian Riviera, Pisa, Lucca, Florence, to the hill towns of Siena, Perugia and Assisi, thence northward into Switzerland, the author takes her readers, and on every page is found a fine appreciation of art, architecture and history, charmingly infused with an infectious joy of living. Illustrated. $4.00

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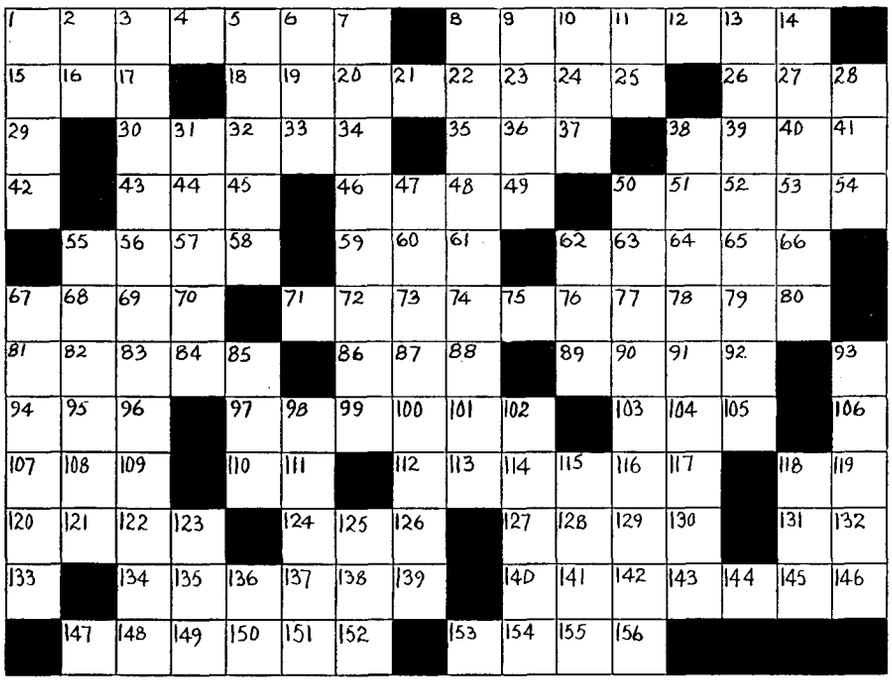
Double-Crostics: No. 120

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Thieving bird.	106 98 64 32 139 154 131
II. Unequal conditions.	63 14 142 85
III. Calm, peaceful.	135 128 67 71 133 48 100
IV. Irritates.	29 21 6 83 62 89 140
V. Stronghold.	127 27 129 22 99 120 7 146
VI. Irish town.	9 101 35 117 148 143 88 33 26 75 94
VII. Slain with Nisus in Trojan war.	17 77 45 61 52 153 137 92
VIII. Mother of Rivers (Gr.).	37 95 15 132 126 103
IX. Fretting.	97 72 121 38 2 54 150
X. Eminence.	86 144 113 46 42 130
XI. East Indian sacred monkey.	74 43 59 105 138 125 10 96
XII. Rusisan composer (1844-1908).	119 28 30 24 12 57 65 44 39 155 50 70 136 1
XIII. English novelist and essayist (1866—).	49 104 79 147 111
XIV. Instigates.	40 51 115 18
XV. English Cathedral town.	151 78 108
XVI. Originative; life-giving.	8 47 36 58 23 102 60 116 82 149
XVII. Currently.	90 68 19 141 118 31 80 123
XVIII. Reflexive pronoun.	107 114 84 41 73 4 124
XIX. The haggadic exegesis (Hebrew).	122 53 91 152 110 34 16
XX. Is in debt to.	3 112 93 145
XXI. English poet (1828-82).	56 69 109 134 13 156 25 87
XXII. Goods, movables.	5 76 81 20 11 55 66

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE most exciting of recent announcements is of course the Viking Press's forthcoming publication of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* in complete form, from the original MS. This magnificent narrative of Dr. Johnson's travels among the wild men of Scotland (which we once described as the finest reporting in the English language) has hitherto been known only in discreetly abbreviated form.

☞In all the discussion (now for going on ten years) of the great trove of Boswell papers at Malahide (Ireland) which were acquired by Colonel Ralph Isham, we do not remember having seen a photo of Malahide Castle. We wish Colonel Isham would let old Q. print a picture of it? The owner, James Boswell Talbot, 6th Baron Talbot de Malahide, is the great great grandson of the immortal Bozzy. He is also "Hereditary Lord Admiral of Malahide and Adjacent Seas," a title that descends from the time of Edward IV. This would imply that he keeps watch and ward over the interesting island (N. of Dublin) called Ireland's Eye. (Of that too we'd admire a picture.)

But the Eye of Isham is as bright as any. It is remembered that the MSS. now known (though only to 550 fortunate possessors of the great 18-volume set printed by William Edwin Rudge) as the *Boswell Papers*, were discovered in a croquet-box at Malahide Castle some years ago. The additional revelation of the complete Hebrides Journal came in 1930, too late to include in the original set. So it is now being printed, in full, for the first time, after exhaustive editing by Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale, assisted by Charles H. Bennett.

☞The Viking Press states:—

"On comparison with the published version, the original journal of the *Tour to the Hebrides* was found to contain about half again as much material, which had been deleted for reasons of economy by the printer, and for reasons of discretion on Boswell's part. Colonel Isham, who is widely known as a collector of Boswell and Dr. Johnson, considers the new Hebrides volume on a plane with the Life of Johnson in literary importance.

"The first edition, bearing the joint imprint of The Viking Press of New York and Heinemann of London, will be limited to 790 numbered and 26 lettered copies in the same format as the privately printed set of the other Boswell Papers. An unlimited edition for the public, printed from the same plates, will be released simultaneously. The Viking Press has acquired the popular publication rights to all the Isham collection of Boswell Papers, and public editions of the other material will follow as rapidly as the editing progresses."

☞Congratulations to William Edwin Rudge III and Frederick G. Rudge, sons of the famous printer, on acquiring for their firm (William Edwin Rudge's Sons, Inc.) all trade rights to their father's distinguished name, and the records, books, type and trademark of the printing house. ☞William E. Rudge's Sons was organized in 1932 by five young men, two of

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them sons in flesh and all sons in ink, while their late father's business at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was under trustee management. They prospered even under depression circumstances, and are now at 225 Varick Street and doing fine work. ☞Old Q., a long-time admirer of the Rudge repute, considers them types with long ascenders and sends them a basket of Caslon ornaments. ☞In the summer catalogue of Dawson's Book Shop (Los Angeles) we find listed an English work of 1782 on *The Whole Art of Hair Dressing*. It casually reveals some curious conditions of 18th century life. "Most young people are liable to vermin," the author says, and adds "the custom of bathing, once begun ought never to be left off." ☞A young and freshly split Infinitive (still bleeding) was found on a political placard at Manhasset, L. I. ☞The Manhasset Republican Club announced "Opening of the Campaign To Decisively Elect LANDON & KNOX." ☞Split infinitives presage split tickets.

☞Marlen Pew in *Editor and Publisher* notes that no less than 23 members of the staff of the Chicago *Daily News* are authors of one or more published books (and two of them Pulitzer Prize winners, Edgar A. Mowrer and Paul S. Mowrer).

☞Now Old Q. is going back to the grape arbor (adjoining his cabin *The Fantods*) to reread *Zarathustra*. ☞This he calls getting Back to Nietzsche. ☞He always enjoys N's remarks about the German intellect having had its origins in the disorders of intestinal abuse. ☞Much good sense in N's comments on importance of diet and climate for the philosopher.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG MAN, poet, desires joining or forming group of poets or "would bes." If no such group, let's start one. Write, Box 437-B.

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J. L. W. I shall be in New York until fifteenth of August—will you? R.

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BOSTON GIRL wanted to share housekeeping with business girl in Cambridge apartment, complete with fireplace, piano, books, and cat. Box 438-B.

PERSONALS

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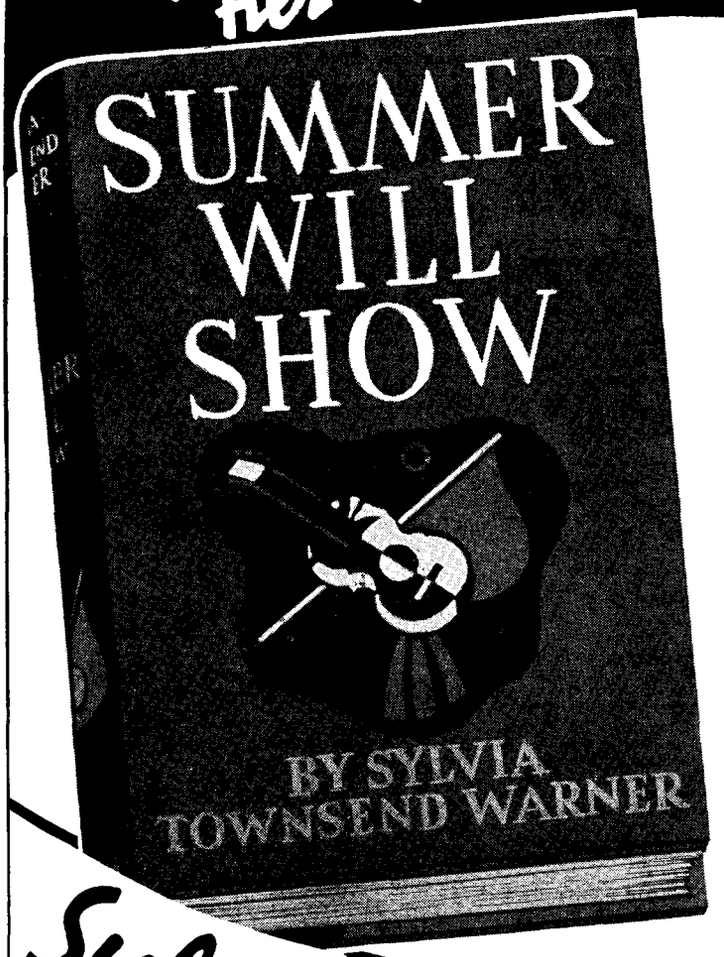

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